

Gadgie 36

NOW THEN GADGIE

Welcome to yet another issue of my journal of japery and Punk pandemonium. In the last issue I documented my explorations around Lincolnshire in search of a Fen-Punk scene that, since the Indian Queen closed and Boston died a death as a "Punk Town", has slowly being rebuilding in Lincoln, Spalding and up in Grimsby. Well now, praise the Law Giver, it appears that Boston, yes, Boston, may well have a new scene developing. The Britannia, or "Brit" to the locals, recently hosted an evening of Punk Rock bands would you believe? Not only that, but there were two, yes two, Boston bands on the bill. Apart from the brutal behemoth that is Wolfbeast



Destroyer and their road trips in the Battle Bus, it's been slim pickings for punk kicks in Boston in recent years but no more! Firstly, it appears that there has been a Punk band all along right under our noses. It's just we just hadn't met them. Would you credit it? The Undying Swan Act have been knocking out their strange brand of sort of Punk for the last seven or eight years unbeknown to the remaining apes of the old IQ scene. Playing a sort of proto punk sound that maybe nods to the Velvet Underground and Stooges along with a bit of Fall-esque post punk, they are pretty active on the live front these days. They have been spotted gigging all over the place and partaking in a

number of local Lincolnshire shindigs. Playing gigs at The Brit as well as The New Inn and The Ship, it appears the search for a venue open to the tomfoolery and mayhem that comes hand in hand in with Fenpunk affairs is well and truly on. Along with the Undying Swans we also have IQHC stalwarts Sid and Murt and their unique take on Punk in the form of South Holland Indecency Team or S.H.I.T. to their parents. Collecting together twenty odd years of foolishness, former bands and IQHC gigs, the SHITters have knocked out a CD demo of fast and abrasive hardcore that brings to mind a number of bands that we encountered down the years and who clearly left their mark on the impressionable minds of our deadly duo. I can hear I

Adapt in one song and Brezhnev in another as well as a host of other sounds. I believe my review of their first, and currently only, recorded output was "not as shit as I thought it would be."

So there we go - will the Fens be set ablaze once more? Will the Brit become our new spiritual home? Who knows, but I'm gonna get along to the next load of gigs, shout things, try and flog zines and keep me fingers crossed that from

this small acorn, may one day a huge oak sprout.

Meanwhile I figured I'd send the two bands in question a few inquiries about what they are up to ... read on Punx! The Fens will rise again!



THE USA

The Undying Swan Act (or USA for short) are a band from Boston who strangely have gone under the Gadge radar for a good few years ... like in a released three albums over seven or eight years manner - so I duly checked 'em out.

WHAT DO UNDYING SWAN ACT SOUND LIKE?

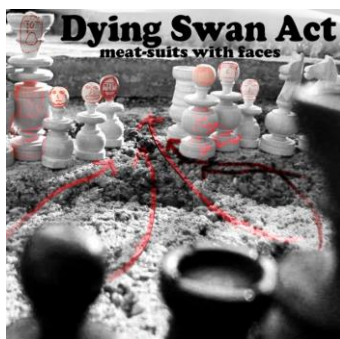
Warwick: We sound loose and shambolic, (which is due to our musical limitations, but we're happy with that.) with a few surfer elements. People have said we're a bit grungy...?

USA STANDS FOR UNDYING SWAN ACT I SEE. DID YOU CALL YOURSELF UNDYING SWAN ACT AND REALISE THAT IT WAS USA FOR SHORT OR DID YOU CALL YOURSELVES USA AND THEN COME UP WITH WHAT IT COULD STAND FOR AFTERWARDS?

WHAT IS AN UNDYING SWAN ACT ANYWAY?

Warwick: We were Dying Swan Act to start with ... but when we saw that we weren't going to wind it up any time soon, we changed to 'undying'. Also there is another band on the gig circuit called DSA.

Jon: To me ... a dying swan act is making a huge fuss when you feel bad ... undying swan act is feeling like you can't go on and going on anyway.



YOU APPEAR TO HAVE BEEN AROUND FOR A GOOD FEW YEARS IN BOSTON. HOW ON EARTH HAVE WE NOT MET UNTIL NOW? HAVE YOU PLAYED MUCH LOCALLY? DID YOU EVER

GET TO ANY OF THE INDIAN QUEEN GIGS WHEN THE SCENE ROUND HERE WAS AT ITS PEAK (LATE 90S TO MID 00S). ANY MEMORIES OR TALES FROM THOSE DAYS?

Jon: So me and Woz were in an indie band in the late 90s, which fizzled out early 00s. At the time, the music we were making would have been totally out of place. We went off and did other things ... so by the time we got back together the IQ was shut ... which is bad news for us as right now I would love to get in a time machine and scream my lungs out upstairs at the IQ. Then I was in a band called 'Zero point' who were not really a punk band, and the person who did our booking never sought out Eagle or the IQ. So it was a fantastic scene that I totally missed ... sniff sniff.

Warwick: With The USA, we had drummer woes (which hampered our ability to gig) until this year, when Nadine

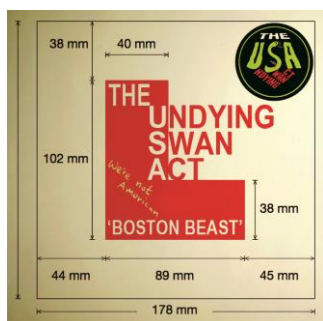
Marques came out of nowhere and has been simply brilliant, which has enabled us to start up this gig malarky again.

WHICH BANDS ARE THE USA FANS OF? WHO HAS INSPIRED YOU TO PICK UP A GUITAR OR DRUM STICK AND START A BAND? I'VE SEEN YOU DESCRIBED AS "PRE-PUNK" OR "PROTO-PUNK" AND MAYBE DETECT A BIT OF VELVET UNDERGROUND IN THERE?

Warwick: The fall are a pretty big influence and for me listening to Johnny Thunders LAMF album was a light bulb moment.

Jon: Punk Rock to me is opening the door to free expression, its saying what you think and feel rather than playing other peoples hits ... it seems absurd to pick up our instruments and just do what another band has already done ... we are non hierarchical and generally altruistic.

WHEN DID YOU GET INTERESTED IN PUNK? CAN YOU REMEMBER THE MOMENT YOU HEARD OR SAW SOMETHING AND



THOUGHT YES! THAT'S IT! I WANNA BE A PUNK ROCKER!?

Jon: Blimey ... first influence for me was Nirvana, Mogwai, Arabstrap, Beefheart, Earth.....for me it feels like the natural thing to do, it simply is ... I don't think I set out to be any particular genre, I just wanted expression through music and this is simply who I am ...

Nadine: I've never been into punk to be honest, I prefer Iron Maiden, Pantera, etc... and 70s/80s rock too. Although coming from a different musical background

it was quite easy to adapt to the band and I think it's great that we can contribute with different ideas to our music.

NADINE - YOUR DRUMMING DOESN'T SOUND TYPICALLY PUNK WHICH GIVES THE BAND AN UNUSUAL AND UNIQUE SOUND. WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO DRUM? HAVE YOU GROWN UP PLAYING ALONG TO METALLICA AND MAIDEN? HAVE YOU PLAYED IN ANY OTHER BANDS? HOW ARE YOU FINDING LIFE IN THE PUNK WORLD!?!?

Nadine: I'm a late bloomer when it comes to playing. I didn't play any instrument while I was growing up but surely Metallica and S.O.A.D were my greatest influences back then. My journey with drums started 2 years ago, I was having lessons and at the beginning of the year I thought it was time to join a band. At the end of March these guys found me and

here we are four months later... It's been great fun

**BIT OF POLITICS NOW
... BOSTON WAS ONE OF
THE MOST "BREXIT-Y"
PLACES IN THE UK AFTER
THAT RUDDY**

**REFERENDUM ... WHY DO
YOU THINK THIS IS?
BREXIT IS TURNING IN
TO A PROPER FARCE BY
THE LOOK OF IT. WHAT
DO YOU MAKE OF THE
WOLE CARRY ON?**

Jon: I fear there is a lot of xenophobia and to be honest I just see people as people regardless of their country of origin, some are pleasant and some can be less so ... I'm wondering if leaving the EU will in practice make a lot of differences ... I actually voted to stay in. Time will tell I suppose, in some ways British politics moves almost glacially.

Warwick: Ah, politics ... that chestnut. I'm an Englishman married to a Pole, with Penglish children. Those in the country who think of Boston as 'Farageland',

whilst claiming to be healthily just left of centre, are actually making a right wing blanket judgement of a place they've only been told about with bias. I think the ones with enough grey matter know enough not to judge ...

**WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF
THE EMERGING "NEW"
BOSTON SCENE THAT
YOU APPEAR PART OF?
WILL THE FENS BE
ABLAZE ONCE MORE?** **Jon:** Hopefully Boston's scene will be reborn and I'd love to be part of that.

Warwick: Jon and I used to be in a new wavey sort of Sonic Youthy band called



'Girl Ramble' at the turn of the century ... then Jon was

in a rock-punk band with a metal tinge called Zero Point. We are coming across local bands we never even knew existed all coming out of the closet ... S.H.I.T.

WHO WRITES THE LYRICS? I DON'T HAVE ANY AT HAND CARE TO DESCRIBE/EXPLAIN/RECITE ANY OF YOUR LYRICS?

Jon: Lyrics tend to be me ... (souls are poured into meat suits with faces, clothes are stitched on with voices and hair, roles are given, passed on, donated, who you are is somewhere) ... primarily deal with life and death, society and its trends and structures.

GO ON THEN, WHAT ARE YOUR ...

5 BEST ALBUMS OF ALL TIME?

BEST GIG YOU'VE EVER BEEN TO?

BEST FILM EVER?

Warwick: 5 best albums ...

LAMF - J Thunders and the Heartbreakers; Funky Kingston - Toots

Madcap Laughs - Sid; Cut - Slits; Hex Induction Hour - The Fall

Best movie: Tied between Jaws and French Connection, both strangely with Roy Schieder!

Best gig: In terms of commitment, honesty and an almost 'Bertholdt Brecht'ian transparency - Mannequin Factory last week in Camden.

Jon: For me Killing Joke at Rock City must be about fifteen years ago ... favourite albums always change ... I guarantee I won't say anything punk approved ... In Utero /Nirvana; Mad for Sadness/Arab Strap; Mr Beast/ Mogwai; Placebo/Placebo; Shiny Beast/Captain Beefheart. Ask me tomorrow, the list would be different. Film is Big Trouble in Little China.

HOW DO WE GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU? WHAT MUSIC IS AVAILABLE - RECORDS? DOWNLOADS? CDS? TAPES? ETC

Looking forward to playing couple local gigs with some of the Lincs bands ... CDs available at gigs ... info and videos and upcoming events available on Facebook, most songs also on Soundcloud, some videos on Youtube. Can contact through Facebook. I'm not sure exactly what we are, some people get it and some people don't which is fine. Our 3 albums so far are on bandcamp here <https://the-usa.bandcamp.com> or we always bring CDs to gigs if anyone would like one. They are £2.50



SOUTH HOLLAND INDECENCY TEAM

South Holland Indecency Team (or SHIT for short) are the latest Punk project of Sid and Murt, the Bert n' Ernie of the Boston Punk scene. These two have been around and doing this S.H.I.T. for yonks so I figured I'd see what was going on with their latest incarnation. Sid answered some questions I sent his way.

TELL US ABOUT THE SOUND OF S.H.I.T.

Boston. Loud and heavy. To be honest, we accidentally stumbled on our sound through our own lack of talent. Colin couldn't play fast for too long so we made the songs short with plenty of beatdowns. This combined with the fact we could never remember what we'd written the previous practice, and we couldn't find a singer so after six months or so of

mucking about I was bullied into shouting things. The end result was SHIT.

WHAT'S THE LINE UP LIKE NOW? I BELIEVE YOU HAVE HAD A FEW ISSUES? TELL US THE TALE ...

Where to start? The last six months or so had been a little sketchy. Finding times we were all available to practice was getting harder and harder, and we hadn't written any new material since recording our demo in December of last year. Things with Colin then came to an abrupt end. We had just had a practice and was ready to play in Stamford the following day when he messaged us saying his goodbyes and didn't see the point in carrying on. This left us a bit lost, but less than 48 hours later we'd found a new recruit. It turns out Bart (guitarist from Nieviem) was a drummer in a past life. And a fast one at that! We'll always have Colin to thank for giving us our heavy sound

but we've only had two practices with Bart so far and he's already got 80% of the set in the bag and two new songs in the pipeline. Things are about to get a whole lot faster.

YOU ARE A VETERAN OF THE IQ SCENE - WHAT ARE YOUR FAVOURITE MEMORIES OF THOSE WILD DAYS?

It's hard to pick a favourite memory. Whether it be any Brezhnev or I Adapt gig, Disfear, John Holmes, Severed Head of State, DS-13, Army of Flying Robots, or my gigs with SlutPumpkin, The Jipwits, The Happy Hostages, Dole Queue Heroes. It's hard to remember who played when and who was the support, a lot of it has become a blur over the years, but it sculpted me into the fine specimen of a man you see before you. I was once a quiet, shy teenager who accidentally joined a band and got took in by the IQHC collective. A sort of musical

grooming, I suppose that's the best way to describe it. The greatest thing about that time was the people. There must of been about 50 of us that would often be at the gigs, all brought together by a love of either punk, booze or laughter. It's hard to think it's all gone now. What do the kids do nowadays? Not drinking piss, beating up Nazi's, erecting human pyramids or hanging around in an alley littered with dog eggs, that's for sure.



WHY DOES BOSTON KEEP PRODUCING BRUTAL HARDCORE BANDS? WE NEVER SEEM TO SEE POP PUNK BANDS FROM THE FENS DO WE? PATIENT ZERO, URKO, BURNING THE PROSPECT, THE LAST DAY, FACEACHE, WOLFBEAST DESTROYER

... WHY IS THIS DO YOU THINK?

I think there's something in the water. Even when we did get a band that remotely resembled pop punk they'd slowly evolve into something much more violent. When one band would disband another would emerge with members of another band. Before you knew it there was some bloody good bands coming out of our town. We used to have a good amount of pop punk gigs with W.O.R.M. Panic, Vanilla Pod etc. Those gigs were always a right laugh. Almost all of our riffs are pop punk riffs. We're just not very good at writing anything that isn't noise.

LET'S TALK LYRICS ... CARE TO EXPLAIN WHO JIMMY SAVILLE'S NORTH SEA ARMY ARE?

As many are probably aware, there's a Cat C Prison situated not too far from our town. It goes by the name of North Sea Camp and a lot of its residents are paedophiles. Most of these offenders are

allowed out for day-release so it's not uncommon to see them around the town centre. These are the recruits of Jimmy Saville's North Sea Army.

ANY OTHER LYRICS YOU'D CARE TO ENLIGHTEN US WITH?

No Strings is about Murt ruining band practice and putting his winkle where it doesn't belong. Live Fast, Die Slow is about how our mate Rick Kemp won't ever die. York Yard Ripon is about Colin going to York for a bukake party with his buddies.

WOULD YOU DESCRIBE YOURSELF AS A SILLY BAND?

Despite my lyrics, we're actually quite serious. We tend to let the music do the talking. I've never been one for writing lyrics. You need something to sing about for a start. When you go through life with a sort of blissful ignorance to what's going on around you it becomes hard

to write anything with any meaning.

GIGS - WHERE HAVE S.H.I.T.BEEN SPREADING THE GOSPEL?

We've been playing quite a few gigs in Nottingham for Punk 4 The Homeless. Eagle is doing a fine job over there of putting on some good gigs. A lot of variety every time. We were in Derby not too long ago and got gigs lined up in Stamford, Kings Lynn and Boston in the near future. We seem to go down well where ever we play, which is always good. Had a bit of air time on Sickboys Radio in the States as well and they really like us.

TELL US SOME FUNNY GIG TALES FROM YOUR PUNK ROCK CAREER.

Do you remember that time we went to the 1in12 and I got a little drunk, got spiked with Viagra then accidentally impaled a broken pint glass into my palm? I can't remember much of the journey home but I do recall

leaving a vast quantity of my own blood everywhere. I've got a lovely scar now. Couldn't play guitar for a few weeks after that. There was also a time with another band (Rebel Troops) when I put a slice in the end of my index finger. Silly bollocks here, was opening a tin of beans and dropped it. Like an absolute bellend, and without thinking, I went to catch it. Oops! Two days later we were in a studio recording a demo. Got through a lot of superglue and insulation tape that day.

YOU DO KNOW THERE'S A CANADIAN BAND FROM TORONTO CALLED S.H.I.T. RIGHT? HAVE YOU CHALLENGED THEM A FIGHT BEHIND THE BIKE SHEDS OVER THE NAME? OR MAYBE ROCK PAPER SCISSORS?

I found out about them a few weeks ago. Unless their name is also South Holland Indecency Team then, in my head, we have different names. I only tend to

abbreviate our name when writing it. From what I've heard they're better than us as well so I doubt many people will get us muddled up. If a ruckus is a brewing, and we have to choose our discipline, we're bloody good at kiss chase.

LASTLY TELL US ABOUT THE NEW EMERGING BOSTON SCENE! NEW VENUE MAYBE? NEW BANDS? WILL THE APES OF IQHC RISE AGAIN?

Let's hope so! I got contacted by a fine young fella named Warwick several months ago. Turned out he grew up with my in-laws so my wife knows him well. He was looking for other punk bands to play with his band The Undying Swan Act and we put our heads together and got in touch with the people at the Britannia and organised a night. Unfortunately we had to pull out but in all, it was a good night. So good we're back there very soon with the

intention of making it a regular thing. Warwick has also organised a couple of gigs at other venues around the town so hopefully we'll see something happen soon. I'm keeping my fingers crossed.

GIVE US YOUR FIVE BEST ALBUMS EVER, BEST FILM EVER AND BEST GIG EVER

My best 5 albums:

NoFX - So Long And Thanks
For All The Shoes
Reuben - Very Fast, Very Dangerous

Capdown - Civil Disobedients
Zeke - Dirty Sanchez
Frenzal Rhomb - Smoko At The Pet Food Factory

Best film: Hot Rod

Best gig: IQ 18th December 1999 - My first ever gig.

FINALLY - HOW DO WE GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU FOR CDS, GIGS AND SO ON?

To get CDs or if you require our services, get in touch by messaging us directly on our Facebook

page:
[facebook.com/shitpunk](https://www.facebook.com/shitpunk). I think we've been flogging our

demo for a couple of quid. It all depends how drunk we are at the time. This has been fun. It's been a trip down memory lane. I like you, Marv. You're not shit. (Erm, thanks ... Marv)

SCHOOL DINNERS

School dinners

School dinners

Concrete chips

Concrete chips

Soggy semolina

Soggy semolina

I feel sick

Toilet quick.

Everyone always jokes about school dinners don't they? Remember poor old Olive in the Bash Street Kids? Comments about concrete chips, lumpy gravy, cold custard and so on ... well it's all changed now you know. School Dinners as such don't really exist like they did back in the day. Since school canteens were privatised back in the 90s (I think?) the canteen has become

"Or Battered parsnips"

"Uuurrrrrgh!"

***"I'm not going to read this
out if you are going to be
silly."***

"Sorry Miss."

Warm and fuzzy Primary School memories are great, but they certainly did not prepare us for the brutal environment that was secondary school. Oh no. Dinner time at secondary school was a very different kettle of fish (fingers). Lining up for instance, took bloody ages and you had to go through a series of checkpoints before being even allowed in to the kitchen area. We all had ID cards. A sort of early authoritarian attempt at keeping the masses of scrotes in line at our enormous school. You had a card with your photo, name and form on it which was laminated. If asked for your card by a teacher or other member of staff you had to show it or would be thrown in jail for 18 months. If you

were a "school dinner" your card was green, if you were a "home for dinner" it was red. Woe betide anyone caught wandering down the field to the chippie with a green card. An army of teachers would form a pincer movement in a manner of which a celebrated military general would be proud of and check everyone's card.

***"This card is green son, get
yourself back to school now!***

Go on move!"

"But sir, my Mam said ...

***Ow! Ow! Alright I'm going,
just get off my ears"***

You could not get in without a card. Past the first check to enter the main corridor where the prefects (or "collaborators" as we called them), past the second at the end of the main corridor in to the hall where Popeye the Dinner Lady would check your card again and then finally, one more check when leaving the hall by another dinner lady. You were then, finally, at the till

where you handed over 60p and entered the canteen. I got done off of Popeye the Dinner Lady once, as she misunderstood when I called a girl I was having an argument with Popeye. This girl looked like Popeye. Facially, she bore a striking resemblance to the spinach munching sailor, which for a young girl wasn't a strong look. She was also called Copperhead, though I'm not sure why - she didn't have ginger hair - and once told everyone she kept an orange in her knickers. She was weird and for some reason became my sworn enemy for a short period of time ... and her bike was a Raleigh Apple. Sucky as. Anyway, we had been bickering all the way down the line as we approached the second check point. Popeye had said summat untoward about my house, saying we lived in a shed. I retorted with at least I don't live in a scrap yard. I believe she lived in a scrap yard. Her personal

hygiene and oily complexion would suggest so. She told me that our house was made of shit. I could take no more and, in a rather louder than I anticipated outburst, shouted

**"Oh fuck off Popeye you
narrow back, one eye
sacky!"**

Unfortunately for me, Popeye the dinner lady, who also looked like Popeye, and also hated being called Popeye by disrespectful little 'erberts like me, was on duty that day. Needless to say, my protestations that I was talking to the Raleigh Apple riding, kicker fruit keeping, cartoon character lookalike pezzler who had just walked down to the hall after flashing her card while laughing at me, fell on deaf ears. I was to be banished to the living hell of The Last In Club. No please anything but that ...

The Last In Club was the lowest point of anyone who attended our school's

life. It truly was not where you would want to be. It was the door at the other end of the main corridor where the dregs of humanity congregated every dinner time. Those children who had forgotten, or, in most cases, lost their card. No card no entry meant they had to wait until the very end before being granted access to the dining hall. After the thousand or so other kids who had remembered their card had gone through. This small space behind a locked door where the sackboys, pezzas and headtheballs had to wait was like the Mos Eisley of our school. A hive of scum and villainy ... you had to be careful.

It was the same old faces every day. The same scrotes every day who didn't have their card and there was I cast aside from mainstream society, from dinner with my mates and therefore footy on the field afterwards. No footy and thirty minutes in the

company of these loons ... Gegg was a particularly unpleasant and hyper active specimen. With a huge pair of National Health Service glasses - hence the name "Gegg" - he would revel in baiting teachers and getting chucked out of as many lessons as was possible. As he jumped on and off a step by the door he delighted in telling me that he was kicked out of two of the three lessons this morning and he was gonna get the teacher to hit him and throw him out of Science this afternoon. His head nodded frantically with excitement. Squeak didn't say much as he was still living down the time he got his finger stuck up a girls bum on an Outdoor Pursuits week away in Primary School. Duckie was an immaculately coiffured lass who had a 9 inch fringe standing up on top of her forehead and told Gegg and I about the time she was camping up the woods and pretended her boyfriend's chobber was a

joystick and that she was playing a video game. I imagine it was Outrun or Spyhunter by the "Vroom Vroom" noises that accompanied her demonstration. Mad Shaun. Yep. Mad Shaun was there too. His name is self explanatory. He started on Big Brett once as Big Brett was wearing a cardigan. Finally Bucky and his insane girlfriend Mad Martha. Yup, she was mad as too. Even madder than Mad Shaun. And ruddy 'eck, he was mad. Absolutely hat stand. All of 'em and me. Fuck's sake.

Finally the door opened after what seemed like an eternity of wanger joystick tales, fighting stories, plans to get booted out of Chemistry and Squeak making odd squeaking noises. It's one of the reasons he got his name, the other being his rodent-y features. We were given a slip of paper which our name and form was written on to hand in at Popeye's (the Dinner Lady

now) station. She snatched mine with an evil glee that Thatcher would have been jealous of and sent me down to the almost deserted canteen with my new gang of insane associates. The only people left in the canteen were Pube and Eel, two chaps from the bottom rung of the social scale. I sat with them and was instantly greeted with a warning. As I went for the water jug, Pube told me that Fried Egg, one of the Fifth Year psychopaths had put a sausage in it. He had. The mucky bugger. A ruddy great, greasey sausage in the water jug. No water then. Pube also told us that Fried Egg was after him as he laughed at the fearsome Firth former in the bogs yesterday. Apparently Pube and Eel had been having a wazz and the aforementioned head-the-ball hooligan barged in and said to the two cowering kids

"What are you two knobheads up to? Pulling yer pud? Giz a look!"

Quite sensibly they had, as well as nervously guffawing, pegged it one. Fried Egg was now after them. Lordy. GEGS came and sat with us and to continue a theme of sorts, told us how he got caught last week have a tug in a Maths room at break ... I consumed my dinner as fast as was humanly possible and as we all left we had one more task to complete. After polishing off yer grub, you had to take your tray and put it through an hole in the wall on to a conveyor belt that took the trays to a dinner lady at the end who removed them and put them in the washing up pile. GEGS of course, couldn't even manage this.

"Watch this! Put it in at an angle and it gets stuck and fucks everything up!"

Yup, he did, His tray got stuck. We heard a calamitous crashing and smashing accompanied by

mild mannered cursing as dinner trays all piled up and fell off the line and some poor woman had to sort it out. By now here were no teachers around to get done off as they were all long one and heading off to afternoon lessons where no doubt one, or maybe more of 'em, were going to hoy GEGS out for some indiscretion ... When Bucky and his girlfriend Mad Martha started a food fight with each other, yogging peas and flinging yoghurt at each other I had lost the will to live and contemplated what I had done to deserve this. This was the one and only time that I ever had to suffer the indignity of being sent to The Last One In Club. This lot were regulars, and as a result probably missed the massive riot where the prefects got paggered a few weeks later, but that, as you know by now, is another story for another time ...

BLOODSTAINS OVER LEEDS

PART 2

Last year's Bloodstains Festival at the Temple of Boom in Leeds was one of the highlights of the year if you were to enquire as to what the highlights of the year were last year in Gadgie Towers. That and the new Blondie LP and tour anyway. It was with great joy then, that I noticed a second serving of three day Punk Rock mayhem was to go down again this summer in the very same venue. An intriguing line up that included Battalion of Saints, The Stupids, Channel 3, Australia's Vicious Circle and, most excitingly of all for myself at least, The Weirdos was enough to entice the dosh for a three day ticket from my wallet. Hotel booked and we're off!

Mrs Gadgie being off work, but having as much interest in three days of Punk Rock debauchery as I have in a Sunderland season ticket, decided to have a day

out with me before hand before dropping me off in Leeds and clearing off home to have the house to herself for three days of Punk-less peace and quiet. Bradford's Science and Media Museum provided an interesting few hours of entertainment - including a go on Manic Miner in the Video Game exhibition on a rubber keyboard Speccy - and then a bite to eat in town where my new t-shirt proved a hit. Sweep, the squeaky puppet dog from The Sooty Show, has always been something of a hero to me. He's loud, outspoken (or out squeaked) and acts without thinking things through properly. I relate to that. My new shirt has Sweep with a beret on in the classic Che Guevara pose that students and the likes have been wearing for years. I'm impressed and so is the woman in Waterstones.

"I think it's great that as you get older you can still wear really cool t-shirts!"

"Erm, thanks ... I think"

Next we run in to a very excitable lady in the street who says to me in a really strong Yorkshire accent

"eee, 'ello mate! I've just realised who's on yer shirt mate. It's that Guevara fella innit?" My brother loves him, 'e's right obsessed wi' 'im 'e is!

Where d'yer gerrit from?"

I don't have the heart to tell her it's actually Sweep and just blandly suggest she just googles it.

Before I know it I'm in an hotel and getting ready for some Punk pandemonium. Wandering over to Cooter's record emporium "Noisisforheroes" I bump in to some folk who, like me are killing time indulging in Record Collecting chat and perusals, before a pint in The George next door where Cooter regales me with a marvellous tale. Some mega

rich bloke in Leeds booked out a whole nightclub for Peter and The Test Tube Babies and our Record Shop Hero tagged along at the invite of the Geoffrey Oilcott fellas and was amongst about six or seven people who were actually interested in the band, along with the host who loves 'em. Free booze and everything! I recounted a tall tale of

Guisborough ghostly goings on to my fellow Gibba ex-pat whilst there and if you've read Gadgie before, you will have been expecting a tangent at some point to be wandered off on ...

Well, the

Priory is an ancient ruin and the famous landmark and symbol of the town. A 12th century Augustinian behemoth of a building, it was destroyed during the Dissolution yet the enormous ruined arch that is the East Window remains standing



majestically over Guisborough today. Mystery and legend abounds as I have discussed in a previous issue of this periodical and tales of a ghostly Black Monk wandering the grounds at night have persisted over the years. There has also forever been talk of a series of tunnels and catacombs that lay beneath the Priory hiding the monks treasure and leading off all over the place around the town for various surreptitious purposes. Of course all this has been considered mere legend until recently! While an old set of shops opposite the Priory gatehouse were being converted in to a new pub ("The Monk" of course), lo and behold, the builders discovered a long lost tunnel! Right next to the Priory! Where did it lead? Could it be the tunnels of lore which every denizen of Guisborough has been raised believing may exist beneath our feet? Steps leading down and round a corner unfortunately are

then met with a wall of earth ... wherever the ancient tunnel went, it goes there no more. Blocked up and disappointingly only adding to the mysterious legend ... The new pub have a glass floor so boozers can glance down at the curving stone stairway that disappears around a corner and, of course, on a recent visit, a pint in there was called for. Peering down the eerie stairway, I was fascinated, and as with most castles, stately homes and ruins, it looked like the best bit was sealed off and I contemplated going down there and what japes it would be as my pint was pulled and Mrs Gadgie's large gin and tonic and assorted fruit was concocted by the bar maid. This is amazing I commented! Questioning the poor bar maid about where it goes and what's down there and the likes as an excited Labrador would behave when told it was going for a walk and we were taking the ball. Our custodian of ale had a tale to

tell ... She'd been off work for a couple of weeks and upon her return was left in the bar on her own one quiet night to shut up shop and close down. Switching and turning things off, including the lights, she was all set to lock up and realised that the subterranean light that illuminates the tunnel was still on so wandered over to switch that off too. 'Twas then that she was met with a bloodcurdling sight! At the foot of the stony steps she saw a figure walking away from her! Wearing a monk's cowl! With a bit of string around the waist! Down there! In the tunnel! A bloody monk! Monking about! Utterly terrified, our host explained she switched everything off as quick as humanly possible and with her breath becoming lost in her throat, was out of the pub and locking the door and pegging it one home in a right old state. Shit! The next day, during daylight, she had calmed down somewhat and

returned cautiously to work but gave the glass square above the tunnel a wide berth as she nervously explained her spooky experience to the boss. Upon hearing her horrifyingly haunting experience, the boss, well, he started to chuckle.

"Go have a look again down the tunnel" he suggested.

"Why?" our new friend asked.

"Just go, have a look" the boss insisted.

Peering bravely down the tunnel, the bar maid let out a yelp and a squeak! He was still there! The bloody Black Monk is down there ... That is until boss man informs her "We had a mannequin put in for a bit of fun while you were off ill ..." Phantom monks indeed! Let's get back to Bloodstains! I picked up some goodies - a Thought Criminals double LP and an old Raw Records comp as well as an Adolescents LP that was a bit cheaper than usual

as it had a slightly water damaged cover. The origins of this crinkly sleeve were explained to me but this particular episode is too sordid a tale to reprint in a family publication like *Gadgie*. It's nice when records come with some sort of provenance though isn't it? Anyway! Off to the gig!

Arriving at the Temple I bump in to the **NATTERERS** and Dave welcomes me with a new look-a-like. Since I had my unruly locks trimmed earlier this year so I can see where I'm going, the look-a-likes have dried up. No more Ginola, Cavani, Ross Noble or various 90s Italian Footballers. Nope, now apparently I look like dour Yorkshire man Mick McCarthy. Thanks Dave. Thanks a lot. I'm gonna ruddy well grow me hair again now. So we start with **VOORHEES**. Blimey, you know it's a strong line up



when the openers are **VOORHEES**. As a four piece tonight, they still make an unholy racket and are as brutal as ever. Proper nasty and aggressive. Good start. It gets better! **THE STUPIDS** are on too! I love these loons and they plough in to a ferocious set of manic 80s skateboarding, baseball

cap turned up, singing drummer, heads down, balls to the floor, thrashing mayhem.

Loved 'em and so did the two mad blokes who danced for the entire set and kept falling over, each one trying to out-loon the other. **RAW POWER** from Italy seemed to consist of a pretty young line up behind the original singer and although the band are full of beans, it seems to drag a bit for me. The hall is not particularly full and although people are enjoying it, the

atmosphere is more a laid back gathering and good as Raw Power's driven hardcore is, my attention wanders. There was certainly a buzz for headliners **TOXIC REASONS** and it was clear that most of the attendees were here for them and waiting with baited breath. Me, I've never been a massive fan and after the set I'm still not too convinced, although everyone else loves 'em. Shows what I know eh?

Saturday morning I find myself surprisingly not hung over at all but at the mercy of a hotel room seemingly intent on driving me mad. First up, the drawer for the bedside table with my ipod in falls apart as I attempt to set up some tunes, then the aggressive cold tap in the bathroom causes a tsunami at the mere hint of being touched and soaks my Planet of the Apes shirt, and then to top it all of the shower is bloody cold. Bracing in a Skegness in

January manner. Honestly, it's like an episode of Frank Spencer. Ooh Betty. Looking up at the thick black wooden beam that runs down the ceiling which suggests this was once something of a warehouse or factory back in the old days, I notice an honking great hook sticking out! The way this morning's going I don't stick around for fear of being impaled. Meeting up with DS from Cambridge and his mate Rich we head for the market where there is talk of good vegan/vegetarian food stalls. There certainly is. We settle for a stand selling massive vegan hot dogs lathered in jackfruit and all manner of spices and herbs. I chuck a load of hot sauce on and listen to a tale about an insanely violent Angelic Upstarts gig back in the day from DS. Apparently one of their mates borrowed a hammer from the drummer mid set - who of course, had taken a ruddy great claw hammer on stage with him as

all good drummers do - and started swinging it at anyone within a swinging hammer range of him. Some poor bugger got a right old paggering ... ouch.

Off to the Boom then and I arrive in time for a proper treat. **TIED DOWN** are about to get going and pagger everyone's head in, though not with a claw hammer I must add. Lins - who you may recall from the band Break It Up - is up front, clad in a bandana and makes for a most imposing front man. Sean from Voorhees takes up the guitar duties and as you'd expect, it ain't sing-a-long-a-melodic-punk. Tough and blunt Negative Approach style nastiness. Marvellous. Forget the sunshine outside. I was happy having my head stoved in. Lins makes a comment about how great the Temple

of Boom is, how great Bloodstains Festival is and that they are more good reasons not to go to Rebellion. Unfortunately it seems, however, that that's exactly what a lot of folk

have done though and the turn out isn't exactly

rammed again. Well, if you gave this a miss you missed

NATTERERS who were as blazing as ever. The new line up has seen them add the Voorhees rhythm section

and they are all the better for it. Emma is a whirling dervish of a front woman and they are as urgent and engaging as ever. Great stuff as always. Dutch unit **PARANOID STATE** are the next band that I check out and Wim apologises to me personally from the stage that their song "The River" is not a Bruce Springsteen cover. The rotters. I ask my



Dutch buddies what they thought of the footy World Cup. "What World Cup?" is the answer I receive. That will learn 'em to not cover The Boss won't it? They rip through a really intense set of beefed up Husker Du doings and I'm impressed. Their new, second, LP is well worth treating your lugs to. I gave **THE CRYPTICS** a go but it wasn't doing much for me - super fast poppy punk so opted for a burger instead. **RAT CAGE** did certainly do something for me. They got me grinning like an idiot as Bri and his latest ensemble smashed their way through a furious whirlwind of d beat devastation. In stark contrast north eastern alumni **THE DIAZ BROTHERS** played a super duper slick set of driving and melodic Punk that made me think of the likes of HDQ and Down and Outs. It appears that some of them were actually in HDQ and wow, their chops are there for all to see. Fantastic stuff

and a nice surprise from a band I've never heard of until now. Likewise **NO PROBLEM** from Canada are a group who have yet to appear on the Gadgie Towers radar but oh lordy, they set off all manner of alarm bells ringing. Blazing stuff it was. Proper old school 80s 'ardcore with a right old powerful sense of urgency that would not look out place sat next to Career Suicide and Social Circkle on a bill of beaut bands. They were absolutely marvellous. One of 'em was wearing a beret as well. If you are in a band from North America you look like a right revolutionary with a beret atop yer bonce, but if you live in the UK and don a beret all anyone can think of is Frank Spencer. Ooh Betty again. So, to the final band of the day and everyone was wondering just what **BATTALION OF SAINTS** would be like. I'll tell you what they were like. Skill as. The front man was full of it. He looked like he personally

embodied the debauchery of early 80s Punk Rock, sort of like TSOL on the cover of Hit and Run if they spent the next thirty years playing grim squats and getting fucked up and loving every minute of it. Awesome performance from an awesome band. So pleased I saw 'em.

Final day and the hotel room is not trying to kill me and at breakfast Anti System wander in to the hotel! The people you see eh? Off to the Angel, which is the place of choice for punx waiting for doors opening at the Temple of Boom. Meeting up with some fellow Temple of Boomers we marvel continuously at how ridiculously cheap the pints are here. My Grandad's favourite subject - apart from how Boro were doing and Cricket - was the price of a pint wherever you went.

"I went to Antigua Grandad the other week you know? We went snorkelling over a

coral reef and saw a ray and loads of amazing fish.

There was a lizard wandering around at the café where we had dinner once too. Fancy that eh? "How much did you pay for a pint there?"

He would always talk in pence about ale too. If I let slip I had paid anything over about £1.50 he would go mental.

"It's only an 'undred and eight in the Abbey you know? You want yer bloody brains washing for paying that!"

So, in honour of Grandad Tom, it was only two hundred and four for a ruddy pint. As we quaffed our gloriously cheap and very tasty ales we did enjoy a chat about very silly things. It appeared from the poster that **THE SHITS** were opening. **THE SHITS**. What a name. Someone tried to have a listen via their phone but it wasn't working. We marvelled at how bands give themselves such names

noting there is also a band doing the rounds called **Piss**. And there's **S.H.I.T.** from Canada. Just waiting for **Cum** and **Blood** to form now I suppose. Names with silly puns ... **Harold Shitman Filth**

Collins, John Cougar

Concentration Camp all raised a titter before we moved on to really dreadful arty wank names like **Small Brown Bike** and **Only If You Call Me Jonathan. Lordy.**

There are bands that I have never listened to based purely on them having a dire name ... One band we hadn't listened to yet was **THE SHITS**, so off we all set to the Temple to see 'em. Sadly, they hadn't turned up the lady on the door informed us. The shits eh? This meant the honour of opening the final **Bloodstains** day to a sparse crowd went to Liverpool's **DOWN AND OUTS** who were absolutely

brilliant. A three piece playing really powerful and slick melodic Punk with more hooks than **Leatherface's** pantry. Glorious start to the day. The next band up announced their arrival in the

smaller gig room via a loudspeaker. The singer shouting to the assembled Punk that **BAPTIST KILLING SPREE** are on next to which everyone looked at him and went back to their cans and chat.



The room filled up nicely for their set though and they raged away. Not quite as brutal as **TIED DOWN** were, but going for a similar attack. Fast and brutal. I like fast and brutal. And brutal and fast. Either is good. **NATTERERS** and **PARANOID STATE** again? What a treat! Two of my favourites from yesterday had been invited to play again as some local acts had not

turned up or pulled out. I'll never say no to another set from **NATTERERS**, but it did seem a shame that local bands weren't getting in on the act. Their loss, as these two bands put in another great shift. I had something of a break now for food and catching up with folk - had a quick look at **SPIDER** and **ANTI SOCIAL** but my main aim today was to finally see **VICIOUS CIRCLE**, an old Aussie band still pounding away today and wow, **BAND OF THE WEEKEND** for me they were. Proper unpleasant, aggressive and yep, pounding unsubtle hardcore. Relentless. I even bought a t-shirt. Things only got better from here on in with a ripping set from **CHANNEL 3** who

pulled quite a crowd before a great set of weird Punk from **THE WEIRDOS** who didn't pull such a great crowd in. The front man looking resplendent in a bowler hat and waistcoat and the guitarist looking like a proper survivor of the Punk Rock Wars, they certainly looked the part. This was one band I had really looked forward to and as soon as I heard them kick off with the gurning front fella singing "We Got The Neutron Bomb" another item was ticked off the bucket list. Loved it. Shame there weren't so many folk here by this point and the poor turnout made we wonder if Bloodstains 3 would happen next year. Ruddy well hope so. If it does, I'm there as.

There you go then ... another issue done and dusted ... just how long can this keep going on? If you like Doug McClure films, Hammer Horror, Italian Football, Blondie, Planet of the Apes and utterly brutal, face lacerating, head stoving hardcore Punk I think we can be friends. Get in touch at nowthengadgie@hotmail.co.uk or find us on Facebook. If on the other you don't, then you need to go and sit on the naughty step and think about what you've done. Put together during the six weeks summer holidays of 2018. Punk innit.

Cheers ...Marv.

